

Someone That You Like by theamiableanachronism

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Summary:

In which the men from Hawkins Lab never arrive at Hawkins Middle, meaning Mike and Eleven's moment is never interrupted.

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Author's Note:

For tumblr user milevennet's Mileven Week 2016

Day 6: December 3rd – Upside Down

“I’ve never been, but I know you’re not supposed to go with your sister.”

Okay, that had been a little hard to admit, and his stomach was still doing flip-flops because he’d *actually asked her to the Snowball*, but this was El. She wouldn’t care that he’d never been to a school dance in his life. She didn’t think he was a wastoid.

“No?” she asked, shaking her head, still looking confused.

He sighed. “I mean, you CAN, but it’d be really weird.” REALLY weird. El was the farthest thing from a sister he could think of. How was he even supposed to say that?

He went on, his words coming out sounding robotic and stilted. “You go to school dances with someone that, you know. . . someone that you. . . like.”

There. He’d said it. He felt like he just might throw up, but he’d said it. And then she smiled and all that confidence he thought he’d had just left. His heart started beating faster because, well, that happened every time she smiled.

But then she asked, “A friend?”

She asked so sweetly and he almost nodded because yeah, she WAS a friend, definitely, but she was so much more than just a friend! She was so. . . important.

She was so good and kind and amazing and sweet and –

“Not a friend, uh. . . uh. . .” Was that all he could say? “Uh”? He couldn’t even think straight. She was looking at him with her brown eyes and she still looked so confused which made sense because he wasn’t doing a very good job answering her question. He STILL hadn’t answered her question, but how was he supposed to tell her that she was the most wonderful and important person and that he cared about her more than anyone else in the world?

Was there even a word for that?

She was still looking at him, squinting, like she was trying to figure out what he was saying, but HE didn’t even know what he was saying

so he didn't blame her for being completely confused.

"Uh, someone like a . . ."

He sighed. This was ridiculous. Just say it, Mike!

Say what? He looked into her eyes, which was a huge mistake. They were big and brown and beautiful and really distracting. His mouth had gone dry and his mind went completely blank.

Except for one crazy thought.

No. No WAY. That was nuts! It was stupid. It would be so stupid. To . . . to kiss her. It was absolutely crazy!

. . . Wasn't it?

But then he was looking into her eyes again and his stomach was flipping and his heart was beating so hard and climbing up his throat and he pulled himself along the table toward her and put his lips on hers.

All he could think about was that he was kissing Eleven. He felt his eyes close and that was all he could think: *he was kissing Eleven*.

He pulled away, feeling lightheaded, his heart still beating like crazy, but then he saw her wide eyes and heard her startled gasp and his stomach dropped, a chill spreading all over him.

Oh no.

What had he done? He'd ruined everything. He should have stopped, he should have thought, he should have done anything BUT kiss her! He WAS crazy. They were friends and now he'd screwed all of that up. He was such a stup-

But then she smiled.

She smiled. She was smiling! And not a little one either! He'd just kissed her and she was smiling! At HIM!

He hadn't screwed anything up! He wanted to run and jump and cheer at the top of his lungs, but he didn't; he just sat there grinning like an idiot because he had just kissed El and she was happy about it!

"What was that?"

The bubble burst.

He looked at her, her breathless question sending a wave of guilt washing over him.

Never mind, he really WAS an idiot. He had no idea she wouldn't have even known what a KISS was. . .

He opened his mouth to say something, but no words came out.

"Uh," he said, licking his lips and clearing his throat. "Uh, a kiss is, uh. . ."

It was happening again. He couldn't think of the words to explain. The whole reason he'd kissed her at all was because he couldn't explain what he was feeling.

Well, it wasn't the **WHOLE** reason, he thought, blushing. She was so beautiful and he just loved her so much-

Wait, what? "He just loved her so much"? What, was he a complete cheeseball now?

"It was nice," she said quietly.

And everything stopped.

He stared at her. Did she really just say what he thought she said?

He was trying to figure out if maybe he was just hallucinating- wait, what was the word for hallucinating sounds? *Could* you hallucinate sounds? but then she scooted forward and put her lips on his and that question wasn't important anymore.

He felt like he might explode; it was like he'd been shocked by a bolt of lightning. Her kiss was softer and gentler and shorter but none of that mattered: she'd just *kissed* him. It was like he was in a daze. Everything was fuzzy except Eleven. *El*. He was looking at her with what he knew was probably the stupidest grin on his face but he couldn't stop. **SHE** had kissed **HIM**. And she was smiling again and it was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen.

"So. . ."

They both jumped and turned toward the sound of Lucas' voice.

He and Dustin were standing next to the table, arms full of cans of chocolate pudding, and looking down at them with raised eyebrows and in Lucas' case, a smug, knowing grin.

"What's going on, you guys?" He asked slowly, looking back and forth between the both of them, his grin getting bigger every second as he took in their blushing faces.

Normally, Mike would have shot back with "Nothing!" but honestly, he was feeling too happy to be embarrassed.

Besides, El spoke before he could think of anything to say.

"Is that. . . putting?" She said the word quietly and slowly, as if she wasn't sure that she was saying it right. Mike slid over next to her and picked up a can.

"Yeah, El, this is pudding. It's really good. You open it like this," he said gently, showing her how to pull the tab and lift the lid. She leaned in closer until their shoulders were touching. Out of the corner of his eye, he could see Dustin smiling and shaking his head as he sat down next to Lucas, who still had that smug smile plastered

firmly on his face. He ignored the warmth in his face and focused on the pudding.

He didn't look at either of them, especially when a few minutes later, after they'd all finished their pudding, El leaned her head on his shoulder and gently held his hand under the table. He was too busy smiling.